This picture ſhee aduiſedly peruſ'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, ſome ſhape in SINONS was abuſ'd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind ſo ill,
And ſtill on him ſhee gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſignes of truth in his plaine face ſhee ſpied,
That ſhee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth ſhe) that ſo much guile,
(Shee would haue ſaid) can lurke in ſuch a looke:
But TARQVINS ſhape, came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, ſhee in that ſence forſooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But ſuch a face ſhould beare a wicked mind.

For euen as ſubtill SINON here is painted,
So ſober ſad, ſo wearie, and ſo milde,
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted)
To me came TARQVIN armed to beguild
VVith outward honeſtie, but yet defild
VVith inward vice, as PRIAM him did cheriſh:
So did I TARQVIN, ſo my Troy did periſh.

Looke